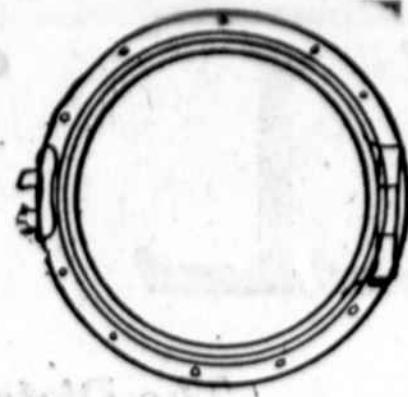


His Millions?

Divorced.



Photograph of one of the chorus girls in "The Giddy Throng." The girl on the left, kneeling, is said to be Mrs. Amanda Thomas, who was in the company under the name of "Jeanne Caskie."

suppress his anger; his face grew purple, but he dared not say anything just then—too many persons were standing close by. But as soon as the daughters had found their staterooms Shonts came thundering in.

"You heard what I said! I told you girls that we would all sit at the same table, and I want you to understand that I mean what I say. I am not going to have people on board here looking at me and at Mrs. Thomas and whispering among themselves!"

"No, daddy!" Marguerite replied. "We will not eat at the same table. I am sorry for your sake, of course—but I have my own good name and sister has hers and the honor of her boy at stake. We cannot do it—and we will not. There would be much more whispering if we did."

"By God!" Shonts swore, bringing his fist down upon the wall of the stateroom with tremendous force, "I will find out who's master here!"

Mr. Shonts shouted and swore so loudly in his fury that passengers and stewards gathered in the passageway outside the door, thinking that somebody had lost their mind. Finally a steward pushed his way into the stateroom to see what the matter was, but when he saw that it was President Shonts in a furious temper he backed out again.

"I am sorry," said Marguerite, "but we will go without food first. And if you were your own self and not under this terrible creature's thumb, you would not want to disgrace your daughters in such a way."

After a while Shonts quieted down a bit and his daughter Marguerite continued:

"Sister and I and the little Duke Emanuel will eat first. I am ill and have to go to bed early, the doctor says, and, of course, little Emanuel must have his dinner early and get to bed also, so he can get up early in the morning—he is accustomed to it. We will go in very early to breakfast and very early to luncheon, and will hurry through our dinner at night, so that you and the woman will not be much delayed."

Mr. Shonts seemed to be rather relieved at this solution of the difficulty, and went out quite satisfied. It seemed perfectly reasonable that some of the party might happen in rather early, while others might chance to be rather late at meal time, and thus the daughters would escape meeting the Thomas woman and her sister, and yet nobody could know that the thing was purposely arranged. But in a few minutes Mr. Shonts was back again. He had told Mrs. Thomas the arrangement—and she had upset it all.

"Mrs. Thomas wants to eat first," Shonts said, and then added with a sort of shamed-faced bravado—"and whatever she wants comes first. You and Theodora and the boy will have to eat at the second service."

"But, father," protested his daughter Marguerite, "you know I am ill and weak, and the doctor has said if I am to escape a complete breakdown I must have rest and retire early, and the boy Emanuel wakes up early and will need his breakfast at once. Surely you will not do this thing!"

"Mrs. Thomas says she will eat at the first table," was all Mr. Shonts would say in reply.

"Then we can have seats at another table—we will arrange with the steward," Miss Marguerite said hopefully.

"No, you won't!" Mr. Shonts replied quickly. "I have given orders that you will have no seats except at

Photograph of Mrs. Theodore P. Shonts and Miss Theodora and Miss Marguerite Shonts in the costumes in which they were presented at Court in England.



our table. If you won't eat with Mrs. Thomas you will take your meals when she is finished." And so it was.

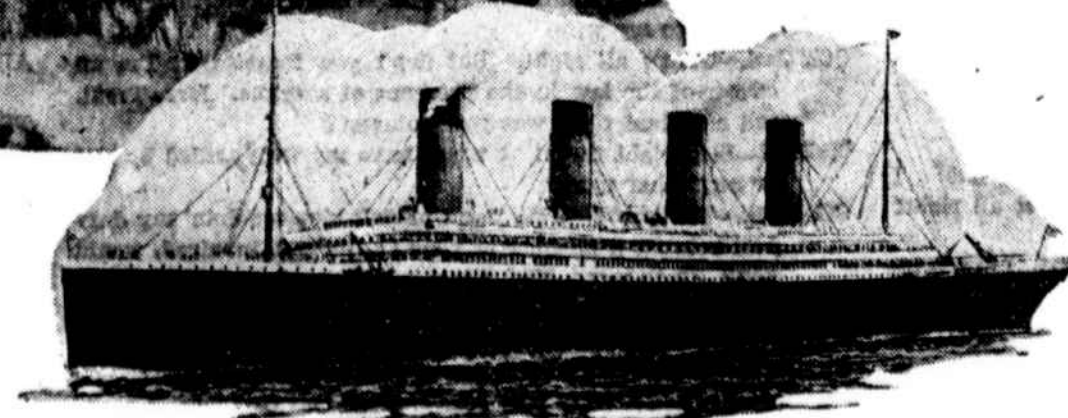
Each night Mrs. Thomas deliberately prolonged her meal until after 9 o'clock. Friends of the Shonts girls who ate at an adjoining table told them that almost every evening Mr. Shonts would become nervous when he saw Mrs. Thomas and her sister Margaret Plass lingering for an hour over their coffee, and frequently would suggest that they had finished and should retire.

"Oh, let them wait!" Mrs. Thomas would say to him, the Shonts girls' friends reported. "Let them wait until I am ready to leave."

Mr. Shonts would never say any more, so their friends told the sisters, but would show that he was uncomfortable and nervous until Mrs. Thomas at last would rise and say, "Well, they can come along now!"—meaning his daughters.

And, looking back at that cruel situation which Shonts and his Amanda so brutally arranged, one of the daughters said, with charitable feeling toward her father:

"Father was sorry—I know he was. That first night he let us know that he would not have been so cruel if the woman had not had such a strange, unholy influence over him. That first night, after he had stormed out of the stateroom the second time, having told us that it was the woman's will that we eat after her, no matter what distress it might cause us, he very soon came back and said



The "Olympic," which brought Shonts and Mrs. Thomas and the unhappy Shonts daughters back to America in 1914.

Mr. Shonts's daughters said they would rather starve, than submit to the disgrace of sitting at Shonts's table on board the "Olympic" with the notorious Mrs. Thomas. So the Thomas woman lingered and played with the nuts and raisins and coffee until about 9 o'clock every evening, although Shonts was nervous and anxious to leave the table so that his waiting daughters might come to their dinner.

But one more humiliating episode—a little thing, but brutally outrageous—should be mentioned before dismissing the story of that miserable voyage across the Atlantic as the European war was breaking.

When the great Olympic swung into her dock in New York that historic Summer of 1914 the two daughters and the little Duke de Chaulnes were the first to leave the great ship, and they saw on the dock their father's big limousine waiting. The chauffeur nodded to them and they got into the machine. There was a cold, damp wind blowing, and the Duchess was glad that the little Duke had the shelter of his grandfather's closed car.

Hardly had they settled themselves in the limousine before Shonts came up and said:

"Here, I am going to use this machine—you can use the other car."

Shonts made them all get out and get into an open touring car belonging to the Interborough, which also was there, and they were sent uptown in the cold in the open car—while Mistress Thomas and her infatuated old admirer nestled themselves in the cushions of the Shonts limousine!

Thus ended the disgraceful episode of Shonts and his return to America in 1914. This illuminating story of the happenings on that voyage shows the tremendous grip the Thomas woman had on the old traction magnate. The daughters believe—and, indeed, it is almost incredible not to suppose—that Shonts's scoundrelly treatment of his children was not done except under the lash of some wicked influence which he dared not oppose. And very soon another and almost startling evidence of the power of the woman over her admirer was seen, as will be told next Sunday.

And the Rev. Dr. Stratton's words may be repeated here:

"If the wronged wife is finally robbed, and the other woman gets this money, will not the tendency be for every weak girl in the city to ask herself the question, 'If I had these things I'd get away with it, and now flourishes, why may not I?'"

(To be Continued Next Sunday)